

PR
4825
J45l

RY OF
WO CITIES

A
A
0
0
0
3
8
3
6
3
2
7



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

Ex Libris

C. K. OGDEN

Rev. James S. Brown.



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



A L A Y
OF
TWO CITIES.

A LAY
OF
TWO CITIES.

BY
JESHARELAH.

LONDON :
PASSMORE & ALABASTER, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C.
1888.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/layoftwocities00jesh>

PR
4825
J45l

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO MY

DEAR WIFE AND CHILDREN.

1023802



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PROLOGUE 	9
BABYLON. Part 1. 	15
BABYLON. Part 2. 	39
JERUSALEM 	61
GLAD TIDINGS 	90
TO AN ABSENT WIFE 	93
IN MEMORIAM. E. W. 	95
JESUS MY ALL 	95



PROLOGUE.

IN the Revelation of St. John the Divine, we find, amongst the many marvels described, two striking pictures of typical cities, the one, the embodiment of this world's evil unveiled in all its ugliness ; the other, the habitation of Christian virtue as brought to light by the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of which He is the great Author and Exemplar, portrayed in all its loveliness. The one city waxing worse and worse until at last described as the "habitation of devils, the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird," is finally swept away as a blot on God's fair creation ; the other, the habitation of God and the Lamb, and of the nations of "them which are saved," abides "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

The one is appropriately named after that first great city in Heathendom, "Babylon," which throughout its whole history, from its foundation at the building of the tower of "Babel," until its overthrow at the time of "Belshazzar's feast," was

signalized by open defiance to God ; the other is named after " Jerusalem," in which, despite its many failings and sins, God's worship was observed, His house founded, and His glory present.

Some have considered the Apocalyptic " Babylon " to represent some particular city, or religion, to be found in modern history, but inasmuch as many of its vices are present amongst all, and all are too prone to consider their brother's " mote " rather than their own " beam," I prefer to consider it as the culmination of the vices of humanity under the promptings of the evil one ; and cannot identify it with either Rome, London, or Paris, all of which contribute to it.

I have tried in the following lines, by a few sketches or pictures, to describe both the original cities and the typical ones, of which they are the faint emblems. The scenes or cameos descriptive of the modern " Babylon " are taken from that " Babylon " by which I am surrounded, and may fairly be considered as types of the whole, though the instances might be indefinitely multiplied and diversified, both at home and abroad ; nevertheless all are prompted by one spirit, whose features may be traced throughout them. I am aware that " eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man " the glories of the Heavenly Jerusalem, and yet " God hath revealed them

unto us by His Spirit," and by faith we may catch some glimpse of those golden streets where dear friends now are, and where may my readers and I be accounted worthy to walk, clad in white garments woven for us by Him who once walked the streets of the earthly Jerusalem, and died in sight of it, that we might in Paradise enjoy His presence for ever.

THE AUTHOR.



BABYLON.



BABYLON.

I.

GREAT BABYLON ! renowned of old,
At whose foundation it is told
The builders thought a tower to rear
Whose height should pierce Heaven's starry sphere,
Make them a name resounding far,
(Some say on God Himself make war) ;
He to whom on His sapphire throne,
Most secret thoughts are fully known,
To see their puny work came down,
Laughed at their efforts at renown,
Confused their language ; sent them forth ;
Scattered them east, west, south and north.

II.

GREAT BABYLON ! yet once again
Thy tower-girt ramparts span the plain ;

In dim perspective on they reach
Far as the eye of man can stretch,
Enclosing in their spacious span
The noblest temples raised by man ;
And pillared palaces uprise
Their slender minarets to the skies ;
Whilst crowding through thy many a street
Travellers from every country meet :
Thy haughty monarch in his pride
Surveys thy wonders far and wide,
Speaks in his insolence and guilt—
“ This is great BABYLON *I've* built ! ”
Heaven heard the word and laid him low
To herd with cattle—thus to know
That the Most Highest reigns in Heaven
By Whom all might to man is given.

III.

GREAT BABYLON ! by thy river's brink
Daughters of Zion weep, and think
Of that lost land where once they trod
Yearly the portals of their God :
Their harps upon the willows hang,
Silent the song that once they sang ;
How shall they sing their Zion's songs
When bleeding from their country's wrongs ?
How shall their lips be filled with mirth
When banished from their land of birth ?

IV.

GREAT BABYLON ! I see thy fall
Fixed by the writing on that wall
Where thy last king in drunken sport
Sent for those sacred vessels, brought
From God's own house, and from them drank
His own damnation just, and sank
Slain by his enemies, the rod
Used for his punishment by God.

V.

GREAT BABYLON ! thy doom foretold
The prophets ; and the traveller bold
Visits thy mounds of ruined heaps :
But at their solitude who weeps ?
Ages with mould have covered o'er
Thy temples, and who will explore
Still wonders at thy ruin great,
Sole monument of thy dread fate.

VI.

Yet BABYLON, thou livest still
In every age, and thou shalt fill
Full with iniquity thy cup,
Until thyself shalt drink it up !
Then thou shalt perish in one day,
And thy last vestige pass away ;

So irretrievable thy fall
Thou shalt be found no more at all,
Like rock into the sea cast down
By angel strong, to sink and drown,
Thy fate proclaimed by cherub's voice,
Whilst merchants mourn, and saints rejoice.

VII.

But now thou livest in thy pride,
Dreaming no harm can thee betide :
Still are thy temples to be found
With eager votaries pressing round ;
Still are thy poor ground down with toil
To ply the needle, till the soil ;
Still are thy rich worse slaves than these —
To pleasure, pomp, and fame, and ease ;
Still superstition's mystic sway
Holds captive souls from Zion's way ;
Still Beelzebub is prince and god,
Issues decrees, and, at his nod,
His deputies, and chiefly three—
Gold, drink, and pleasure, all agree
To him shall bow each supple knee.

VIII.

GREAT BABYLON ! that city old
Whose merchandise of silver, gold,

Scarlet and purple, precious stone,
Is through each land and kingdom known.
Her ships with furrows plough the waves,
Carrying her commerce, produce, slaves,
Titles, preferments, countries, lands
Daily are sold at her commands ;
And lives, blood, bodies, minds and souls
In her price current she enrolls.
Here may be seen, and that for naught,
Jugglings, cheats, tricks, of every sort.
Fools, apes, knaves, rogues, gaming and play
From morn till night employ the day.
Murder, theft, crimes of blackest dye,
Are passed unnoticed ; and the cry
Of the poor victims furnish jest,
And to the crime its sweetest zest.

IX.

Great Heaven ! and can such things be said :
That man, in God's own image made,
By Satan's wiles has sunk so low
As triumph in his fellow's woe ?
Ask history's page :—you'll search not far,
What glory's paid to sons of war,
Whose glory is their deepest shame,
Thousands of victims give them fame.

Ask emperors—How they won their crown ?
Ask generals—Whence their great renown ?
See, daily might o'er right succeed,
You'll find, alas ! 'tis true indeed.

X.

And yet, within her are a few
Poor, weak, despised ; yet can they view
With wisdom's eyes her vanities,
And all her glittering toys despise ;
Kept by their God's almighty power,
They've stood temptation's darkest hour,
And never bowed the knee to Baal,
Nor has God left their faith to fail :
Of His great name they love to tell,
And often speak together. Well !
Their names are written in His book
Of jewels, where He loves to look :
He'll spare them as He would His Son,
And place them near His royal throne.

XI.

In BABYLON is held a fair—
Great Beelzebub first set up there :
This fair is one of ancient date,
And now is so renowned and great
That all the world to it resorts,
To buy its wares, or see its sports.

Even the Holy One passed through
Conducted by its prince, to view
Its vanities, in hopes that He
Might cheapen some commodity ;
He saw the best from end to end,
But not one penny would He spend ;
And each successive row and street
Is filled with shops and booths, where meet
Dealers in each respective ware
They know to be most dealt in there.

XII.

Thus "Glory Street" boasts swords and spears,
Both jewelled with real widows' tears ;
Epaulettes, garters, made of moans ;
Diadems set with soldiers' groans ;
Here men lay down their lives for naught,
Towns are laid waste, and ruin wrought,
Countries with taxes huge ground down
To feed some "hero's" great renown ;
Whilst steam and lightning swift they bind
To spread excitement in each mind.
The newspapers repeat the shout
"The State's in danger round about !
"Build up new forts, provide fresh guns—
"New makes, instead of older ones—
"Of widest range, to kill or wound
"Such foes as may invade our ground ;

“Drill fresh recruits and volunteers,
“Skill them in use of guns and spears.”
Onward the terror flies abroad,
Because men trust in spear and sword,
Not in the right arm of the Lord,
Who is His people’s sure defence,
Their Rampart of Omnipotence !

XIII.

Then “Bacchus Row’s ” a great resort,
Brimful of folks of every sort :
The poor, the rich, the old, the young,
Full goblets quaff, and drown in song
All thought of morrow, whilst they pay
Their choicest jewels all away ;
Till, drowned in drink, they sink and die
With scarce a murmur or a cry.
Fathers here pawn their daughters’ fame,
And sink them to a life of shame ;
Mothers their children’s clothes, nor think
The bargain hard, if paid in drink.
Health, beauty, virtue and renown
For gin and beer are melted down ;
Whilst traffickers in man’s disgrace
In chariots ride with brazen face,
In mansions dwell, and churches raise
In which a holy God to praise
Who scorns such offerings, when built
On ruin, robbery, and guilt.

XIV.

Near by the street of "Golden Balls"
Pretends to help its foolish thralls,
For when in beer they've spent their store,
It generously lends them more,
But asks a "pledge" for all kind acts,
And double gratitude exacts.
The golden balls are only gilt,
The kindness, like a rotten stilt
Breaks under them, they fall down hurt
And bruised and wounded in the dirt.

XV.

Next, visit changeful "Fashion Hall."
People of all descriptions call
To deck in silks by labour wrought
In curious folds with anxious thought.
Heed not that many a weary finger
Long after midnight must not linger,
That they with silks and satins fine
May strive each other to outshine:
They think not that a lowly worm
Spun all their grandeur in its germ,
They know not that a common flower
Which blooms and withers in an hour
Has dress more beautiful than they,
More lovely in simplicity:

A LAY OF TWO CITIES.

They prize not the true woman's dress,
Good works of love and righteousness.
Garments of these shall long endure
When earthly fashions are no more.

XVI.

Now see the men in "Bubble Land"
Build paper castles on the sand,
They write the walls with figures o'er,
Paint titled names upon the door,
Then call the simple to invite
To lock within their jewels bright.
When they have gathered much together,
There comes some rain and stormy weather,
That beats down roof and flimsy wall:
The crows are watching as they fall;
Alight and share the buried plunder,
Whilst the poor owners gape and wonder.

XVII.

The central space is walled around
And gold is strewn upon the ground.
Folks pay their money at the door
And then walk in to gather more,
And sometimes do by luck and care
If they escape the raging bear,
And the pursuing hornéd bull,
Of both this favoured ground is full.

See this poor man caught by a bear !
Out roll his guineas through the tear
Caused by the claws upon his coat ;
And view this other who doth gloat
For that with gold both hands are full,
When high he's tossed up by the bull !
His opening palms the guineas lose,
And the hard ground his bones doth bruise.

XVIII.

Near by, we come to "Fortune Hill,"
Broad, steep, and slippery, yet still
Many are toiling without rest
(It's summit's lost in cloud and mist)
To roll huge burdens to the top,
When half way up, then down they drop ;
Or just as they with careful pains
Have reached the hill's crest with their gains,
They sink exhausted, and their load
Falls down upon them on the road.
Few gain the summit of the hill,
And there the air's so damp and chill,
They find that long they cannot rest,
Nor, if they build themselves a nest,
What with rheumatic gout and pain
Can they in such a clime remain.

XIX.

We pass "Dissimulation" Row ;
Each one his several wares doth show,
But that each article is hollow,
The buyer finds out to his sorrow.
This school, that styles itself a college,
Teacheth but rudiments of knowledge ;
These testimonials of pills,
Warranted cure for fleshly ills,
Are written and contracted for
At a most modest sum per score ;
These well dressed people that we see,
Are not all what they seem to be :
One youth who wears a golden chain
Is but a common counterman ;
Here nursemaids vie with ladies born,
And with kid gloves their hands adorn ;
Here tradesmen toil from morn till eve,
That they like gentlefolks may live ;
And merchants vie with landed lords,
To deck them with earth's fleeting gauds ;
And when at last they've spent their all,
Off doth the borrowed plumage fall.
The very hymns that Christians sing
Are altered to another thing
By the hymn-tinkers, who sometimes
"Plough fertile meadows" in their rhymes.

XX.

See this big warehouse broad and tall,
Where scores of customers do call ;
Its master rolls in boundless wealth,
Built by his slaves, at cost of health.
Their consciences must be as naught ;
Their minds, souls, bodies, all are bought
For a poor pittance at the best,
Whilst death alone their toil shall rest.

XXI.

Behind it is the "Sweater's Hole,"
Where, for a miserable dole,
Many of Israel's children spend
Their lives unto the bitter end,
Working for sixteen hours each day,
On wages scarce enough to pay
Rent for the miserable room,
Or part of one which they call "home";
And food and raiment to provide
Sufficient to keep life inside
Their wretched, shrivelled, hungry forms,
Chilled through the vents by winter's storms.
Sure Egypt's bondage was as bliss
Compared to such a life as this !
Say, shall these sons of Abraham's race
Ever Messiah's love embrace,
When He, who is Himself a Jew,
Shall count them with His favoured few ?

XXII.

Say Christian, dost thou wear on thee
Garments made in such slavery ?
The shoes that are upon thy feet,
Paid they the maker's wages mete ?
The matches that provide thee light
To read thy Bible with at night,
Are they produced at price so small
As leave scarce makers' wage at all ?
Thy grandmothers once drank their tea
Unsweetened, because slavery
Produced the sugar that was grown,
And therefore they partook of none !
Say not Supply, nor yet Demand,
The market price doth so command,
That blood and sinew must be ground
With ceaseless toil in endless round ;
That was the cry once raised by Cain
When he had righteous Abel slain :
" Am I my brother's keeper ? " Know,
His keeper verily art thou.
And God, who marks each sparrow's fall,
Doth surely mark thy brother's toil,
And will require account of thee,
If thou uphold his misery.

XXIII.

Rulers of this our Christian land,
Raised up by God's almighty hand

To bear His Gospel far and wide,
Stamp out this slavery inside !
The land did twenty millions pay
Fetters of slaves to break away,
Proclaim the year of Jubilee,
And set these modern captives free !

XXIV.

Now visit the "Abode of Pleasure,"
Offering excitement without measure ;
Crowds gather in its gay saloon,
To see the clown and pantaloons ;
And painted women, to the sound
Of lively music, dance around .
Sometimes they dance with aching heart,
Whilst o'er the paint a tear will start ;
They act in some feigned tale of woe,
Or want, or crime, or pity ; though,
By searching, one might hourly meet
Real tales of woe in every street ;
Or *bind* the wound, or *wipe* the tear,
Or *hide* the sin, or *soothe* the fear ;
But feigned woes move some people much,
Whilst real ones they will scarcely touch.

XXV.

This stately pile in "Justice Street"
Walk into, for you here should meet

With righteous judgment : hear the cause
Wigg'd counsellors expound the laws.
A widow lost her little all,
Some years ago she first did call
“ Avenge me of my cruel wrong ! ”
She spent her all and waited long,
And now the cause is heard in court.
The judge looks grave and full of thought
A counsel finds some “ legal flaws ”
At the commencement of the cause,
The court's decision : fresh delay !
She broken-hearted wends her way
To plead her cause to One, who ne'er
Delays to hear the widow's prayer ;
Whilst judge and court together dine
On finest meats and choicest wine.

XXVI.

Not far off sits the magistrate,
In all the solemn pomp of state,
To wield the law's stern penalties
On those who her decrees despise.
We walk into the dread resort
As one cries “ Silence in the Court ” ;
And all is hushed and stilled with fear,
Whilst the poor prisoners appear
Within the dock, each guarded o'er
By a policeman at the door.

XXVII.

And now two sisters are brought in,
And the police make known their sin,
Which was :—Together they were found
Sleeping upon the cold, hard ground,
Pillowed upon a step of stone,
Which they well knew was not their own.
They would not tell their cause of grief,
Nor choose the workhouse for relief,
On parish bounty to be fed,
And sleep upon a pauper's bed ;
Nor say how they did earn their bread,
Nor why so hard a life they led,
Nor aught disclose about the past,
Save that police had followed fast
Each step they trod, and, in all weather,
Found that they would remain together !

XXVIII.

Within the dock the guilty pair
A ladylike appearance bear,
They seem well educated too :
Their crime now met the sentence due.
For one month they must go to gaol
With criminals who strike and steal,
And they must labour hard whilst there,
And the disgrace for ever bear !

XXIX.

*Fathers, the sketch above is true !
Mothers with daughters, what think you ?
Is there within the town no street
Where guiltier women nightly meet
Unchecked, to earn by wickedness
Their wages of unrighteousness ?
And whilst these haunts it does not clear,
Nor in this traffic interfere,
Should law, in all its majesty,
Hold as the worse crime—poverty ?

XXX.

'Tis true, and pity is 'tis so !
A child of rags, and want, and woe,
Though hungry, must not steal a crust
But into prison he'll be thrust ;
Whilst others widows' homes devour,
(If they but keep outside the law,)
Or grind the faces of the poor,
Or bubble companies promote—
And o'er such ill got treasure gloat,
Drawn from the unprotected, who
Their wicked system do not know—

* *Vide Times*, 4th May, 1888.

Ride on in equipage and pair
Esteemed the great ones of the fair,
And practise to their heart's content
Without a chance of punishment.

XXXI.

Out in the streets a bitter cry
Nightly ascends to God Most High,
From wanderers without a home,
As hopeless, helplessly they roam.
Some left their country far away,
Tramping for many miles a day,
Seeking a city paved with gold—
They now seek shelter from the cold :
Children, who know no parents' love,
Ragged and shoeless, homeless rove :
Women, who once in infancy
Were rocked upon a mother's knee,
Now shrivelled by sin's withering blast,
And from society outcast,
Are sunk into a miry slough
Of hopeless misery and woe :
Men who have spent their all in drink,
Now clothed in tatters cringe and shrink :
Men who have once proclaimed God's grace,
Now the offscouring of our race :

XXXII.

All these in BABYLON are found
Sleeping or crouching on the ground,

In every corner far and near,
In every season of the year ;
They shiver in the wintry blast,
Think sometimes of a happy past ;
With few to pity, seek, and save,
They know no refuge but the grave ;
And after that a fearful dread,
Eternal judgment looms ahead.
And yet the Saviour died for such,
And if His garment's hem they touch,
He who could save a dying thief
Will grant them pardon and relief.

XXXIII.

But for God's mercy, you and I
Might both have shared their misery !
Naught we have merited or done,
But His free sovereign grace alone
Has made us what we are, and given
Foretaste on earth of joys in Heaven.
And some may yet be gathered in,
Washed pure and white from foulest sin,
For Christ proclaimed where'er He went,
He called the sinners to repent ;
He bids them to His marriage feast,
Turns not away the worst or least,
For whosoever will may come,
Sure of a welcome and a home.

XXXIV.

And we are charged to rescue such.

Hear the last sentence :—

“ Inasmuch,

“ ’Twas I was naked, hungry, sore,

“ When ye did clothe and feed the poor ;

“ ’Twas I was helpless, weak, and ill,

“ When ye gave medicine to heal ;

“ ’Twas I did cold and hopeless roam,

“ When ye did take Me to your home ;

“ My prison fetters ye did break,

“ When ye did visit for My sake ;

“ Come now, ye of My Father blest,

“ Inherit your eternal rest.”

XXXV.

Or shall it then be,

“ Inasmuch,

“ Ye the poor stranger would not touch ;

“ ’Twas I was thirsty, hungry, poor,

“ When ye did spurn Me from your door ;

“ ’Twas I was naked, sick, in grief,

“ When ye would give Me no relief ,

“ ’Twas Me in prison ye did see,

“ When ye did turn the back on Me ;

“ So now, ye curs’d, depart from Me

“ To everlasting misery.”

XXXVI.

But see this costliest pile of all,
The spacious "Legislation" Hall.
Lo, here is Wisdom ! Let us dip
Into the fount and take a sip.
The Senators walk in and sit,
And Eloquence with skill and wit,
Now soft and low, now loud and clear,
Beguiles till night each listening ear.
We hearken to the long debate,
And find two parties rule the State ;
The "Ins" and "Outs" they may be named
Each under leaders known and famed.
When a new law the "Ins" propose,
The "Outs" unanimous oppose ;
And what the "Outs" think just and fair,
The "Ins," with one consent declare
Is fraught with ruin to the town,
And would turn all things upside down !
The "Ins," whilst in, divide the spoil,
The "Outs" talk on with patient toil,
Till they in turn, turn the "Ins" out,
And move the State's helm right about !
Thus the poor Constitution's riven
By winds contrary tossed and driven,
Like ship, the waves nigh overwhelm,
Without an anchor or a helm.

XXXVII.

Now mark throughout this town prodigious,
That many folks are most religious ;
You'll not walk far but you will meet
With cleric garb in every street ;
You may buy here of souls the cure,
(The greater price when they are fewer)
Cowls, mitres, vestments made of lawn ;
And stained glass windows here adorn
This warehouse, chalices and plate
Of costly pattern sold by weight,
And tithes are paid by small and great
To the religion of the State.
To roads and streets such names are given
As point poor souls the way to heaven,
There's Godliman Street and Creed Lane,
Paternoster Row, and Amen
This corner's called ; here's Zion Place,
Chapel Row and Church Street there embrace,
St. Matthew, Mark, and Luke and John
Will greet your eyes as you walk on,
Christ's Hospital and Jesus College
Are both employed to teach youths knowledge.

XXXVIII.

Inside this church a goodly sight,
Candles give dim "religious" light,

The priests wave incense perfume sweet,
Grand melodies around you meet,
The organ from its many a throat
Breathes music's soul in every note,
And gorgeous vestments meet the eye,
Whilst music clothes the poetry.
But can you feel that God is nigh
To hear the contrite sinner's cry,
Or greet the prodigal's return,
Or save the souls for sin who mourn?
Is this the tone of earnest prayer
Which God the Father loves to hear;
That perfect prayer taught by His Son,
Should that be said in unknown tongue?
No! prayer must be in truth and spirit,
No words or sounds will make God hear it.

XXXIX.

And as you pass the crowded street,
In every corner you may meet
Something to notice or surprise.
Here a poor traveller wounded lies,
No one will hear his feeble cry;
But a Samaritan passing by
Bends o'er him, pours in wine and oil,
And binds his wounds with careful toil;
Whilst on pass Scribe and Pharisee,
For when they do their alms you see,
Their names before men must appear,
And bells resound that all may hear.



BABYLON.

PART II.



I.

The day was gone. Heaven's orb of light
 Had sunk to rest, and fast the night
 With gathering shadows rising near
 Mantles the earth with darkness drear.
 A traveller with tired feet
 Draws near the city's crowded street,
 Footsore and weary through the day
 He'd plodded on his toilsome way,
 Sometimes o'er hill and mountain steep,
 Sometimes through valley dark and deep,
 Longing at last for food and rest,
 Wishing for some calm quiet nest,
 Where he might lay him down to prove
 In sleep, heaven's messenger of love,
 Precious to monarch and to slave,
 To maiden and to warrior brave.

II.

Long was his strait and narrow way,
He'd passed through danger and through fray,
Scars honourable his brows adorn
Telling of battles fought and won,
Aided by power of One unseen,
Led by His wisdom he had been,
Walking by faith that he shall stand
Triumphant soon at His right hand,
Though through what scenes he still may tread,
On what strange pillow lay his head
Before he reach his journey's end
He knows not, and he is content :
Sure that God's eye will guide him still,
And turn to good each seeming ill.
Blest ignorance, for could man view
His future history, and each woe,
Bereavement, sorrow, toil, and pain,
Such knowledge, sure, would be his bane.

III.

And now the city's myriad light
Twinkles like star beams through the night,
And now he hears the distant roar
Of babel tongues resounding far,
And now the city's towers up loom
Stretching aloft in sombre gloom,

But ere he reach the busy fair
He pauses, to address a prayer
To Him who can his course direct,
And through each danger well protect,
That in temptation's darksome hour
He may receive sustaining power,
Then, as he walks, a voice is heard,
Still, small, yet clear in every word.

IV.

- 1 However rough thy path be,
Follow Me.
I had not where to lay Me,
Follow Me.

- 2 Hungry and thirsty often,
Follow Me.
Nothing My couch might soften,
Follow Me.

- 3 My kingdom not of this world,
Follow Me.
No martial flag I unfurled,
Follow Me.

- 4 No pomp on Me attended,
Follow Me.
All priestly rites I ended,
Follow Me.

- 5 For thee the cross I suffered,
Follow Me.
And My heart's blood was offered,
Follow Me.
-

- 6 And now I am ascended,
Follow Me.
Until thy course is ended,
Follow Me.
-

- 7 When tempted, tried, forsaken,
Look to Me.
And when from death thou waken,
Be with Me.

v.

His spirit strengthened, on he goes,
Not feeling more he needs repose,
And now he treads the busy street,
Wondering, his eyes astonished meet
Earth's choicest treasures spread around,
Whilst many a voice their praise resound.

vi.

Now the main road to Zion Gate
Through BABYLON, was once quite straight
But Beelzebub, who left no stone
Unturned to make all men his own,

Resolved to alter so the way,
That many souls should walk astray
So inside "Zion Gate" built a wall
To shut it out, both thick and tall,
And raised new rows and streets around
Where once the old road crossed the ground.
This wall had no foundation deep
Its height and weight upright to keep ;
So when at last it settled down
Next to the old wall of the town,
A narrow way was shown between,
Which by the wary might be seen,
And a spare man might still squeeze through
If without luggage he would go.

VII.

'Twas here tall pilgrims had to bend
If onward they their course would wend ;
And stout ones, that they might grow thinner,
Fasted for weeks without their dinner ;
Yet children easily might pass
With agile step, the towering mass.
This path was known but to a few
Living in Humble Street, near to ;
A lowly quarter of the town
With little wealth, and less renown.

VIII.

Where the old road once came into
The town, he bent it round, that so

It led a pilgrim's wandering feet
To Rite and Ceremony Street,
And thence through Ave Maria Lane
To Idol Street at last it ran !
Here, a poor pilgrim, quite astray,
Would find out he had lost his way.

IX.

Now Beelzebub upon his throne
With active eyes amongst his own,
Has many scouts around the fair
To work his will or tidings bear ;
So nothing passes great or small
But before long he hears it all.
Now one comes in and brings him word :
" A pilgrim from ' Destruction's ' road
" Has just come to the city late,
" And seeks the way to ' Zion Gate ' ;
" In garment strange, and foreign tongue,
" He does not join our busy throng,
" Our merchandise he thinks but dross,
" Our noblest gains he counts but loss."

X.

The great one smiled, " He may be bought,"
He said, " Doth he fear God for naught ?
" Go offer what is in the town,
" Riches, ease, glory, praise, renown,

“ Try him with beauty, pleasure, mirth,
“ The choicest meats and wines on earth,
“ Try music’s strains, learning and art,
“ Find where’s his weakness, for his heart
“ Hath some weak spot that must be found,
“ Whilst through the fair he treads our ground,
“ And he shall be our subject yet,
“ Nor ever reach the golden gate;
“ Go lead his wandering steps away
“ Far from the strait and narrow way—
“ Go speed at once without delay.”
The minions bow and straight obey.

XI.

The pilgrim, knowing not what guile
Plotted against him, walked awhile,
Until he found the road did bend
And to the left its course now tend,
Anon, a citizen did meet,
And bowing to him, thus did greet :—
“ Fair stranger, thou dost travel late,
“ I see thee weary by thy gait,
“ One of this city thou dost see,
“ I offer hospitality ;
“ Why travel thus thy weary road
“ Leading thee to a far-off God ?
“ Thy tired body rest awhile,
“ And eat, and drink, and pain beguile ;

“Supper is ready, tarry not,
“The choicest wines shall mend thy lot ;
“Thy hunger satisfied, then sleep
“Shall over all thy senses creep,
“Resting on couch of gilded ease,
“Cushions of down thy sense shall please,
“Whilst fair young maids with perfume sweet
“Shall then anoint thy weary feet ;
“Come home with me, forget thy quest,
“Content thy soul with earthly rest !”

XII.

The pilgrim paused, he seemed to feel
Weariness o'er his senses steal,
His flesh persuaded him obey,
And leave the strait and narrow way ;
But then a vision seemed to rise :—
One held a crown before his eyes
Too high to reach but by a cross
Which he must mount, or bear the loss !
Then, as he mused him in amaze,
The vision vanished from his gaze.
He answered, “Stranger, hinder not,
“I dare not tarry in this spot,
“My Master had on earth no ease,
“He came not here Himself to please,
“And now He sayeth, ‘Follow Me,’
“I cannot then seek rest with thee”

XIII.

He followed on the road until
He saw it bended leftward still,
Then, of a stranger that he met,
He asked the way to "Zion Gate":
Who quick replied, "Go, seek a priest
"Next door the church built facing east,
"He knows the road to Zion best,
"And soon can give thy spirit rest."
The pilgrim found the door anon,
Knocked, and was ushered in, and soon
The priest appeared, and sought to find
How he might ease his burdened mind.
The pilgrim said, "Sir, though I'm late,
"I seek the road to 'Zion Gate,'
"I hear that you well know the road
"Leading to holiness and God,
"Direct my wandering footsteps right,
"I walk by faith, and not by sight."

XIV.

The priest replied, "My son, I'm grieved
"To find thou hast been so deceived,
"To Peter, first, the keys were given
"That can unlock the gates of Heaven,
"Now the Church in succession straight
"Doth bind or loose the golden gate.
"Confess thy sins into my ear,

“For to absolve thee I am here ;
“Do penance, fast one day each week,
“The Virgin’s intercession seek,
“View in this wine and bread, adored,
“The blood and body of thy Lord !
“Then after purgatory’s pain,
“Thy soul at last its Heaven shall gain.”
To whom the pilgrim straight replied :
“My Saviour for my sins once died,
“And now He pleads my cause in Heaven,
“For His sake freely I’m forgiven.
“No other advocate I need,
“To Him direct, my cause I’ll plead.”

XV.

He turned away, and sought once more
His tangled pathway to explore,
Walked through the rows and streets perplexed
And much he saw his spirit vexed :
And now he came to “Fortune Hill,”
One proffered him to try his skill :
“Here is a package full of gold
“I’ll give to thee, if thou canst hold
“Straight up the hill-side to the top,
“But hold it tight, lest it should drop !”
The pilgrim answered thus addressed :
“Sir, ’tis in Heaven I seek my rest,

“These riches soon will melt away,
“There, my inheritance for aye
“Endureth, free from moth and rust,
“Thy gold will soon return to dust.”

XVI.

Again he wandered far and wide
Till one his worn coat did deride,
And offered to supply instead
New raiment, if he would be led
To “Fashion Hall,” where he should find
A garment suited to his mind.
He answered, “Sir, I seek a dress
“Made of my Saviour’s righteousness !
“Whiter than snow, without one spot,
“Woven throughout, with ne’er a blot.
“No other garment can compare,
“And this alone my soul shall wear ;
“And God, well pleased, will know His own
“When His Son’s vesture I have on.”

XVII.

Now, as he passes by a door,
One cries aloud, “Your life insure” !
The pilgrim said “That I desire.
“Kind stranger, I would fain enquire

“How this great end I may attain,
“For I eternal life would gain.”
“Then,” quoth the stranger, “you must pay
“Yearly upon a given day
“A stated sum, and you shall be
“Assured by this our policy.”
The pilgrim answered, “Then if I
“Keep paying on, shall I not die?”
“Oh no,” quoth stranger, “that’s not it,
“But others reap the benefit;
“For when you die, the money goes
“To any one whom you propose!”
The pilgrim answered, “Sir, I see
“That by its terms your policy,
“Though it may profit child or wife,
“Doth not one hour assure my life.
“But I know of a policy,
“My Master saith, ‘Believe on me,
“‘And you, though dead, shall live on high,
“‘And ye that live shall never die!’
“For me this policy is sure,
“And premium paid for evermore.”

XVIII.

He wandered further till he saw
Famed “Zion College,” and its door
Stood open, so he walked inside
In hopes of finding there a guide.

And now within a lofty hall,
Shelves full of volumes round each wall,
He draws near the professor's seat,
And him with reverence did greet.
"Most learned head of Zion College,
"Famous for every sort of knowledge ;
"I, a poor pilgrim, seek, though late,
"To learn the way to 'Zion Gate.'
"You, who all knowledge well doth teach,
"Pray place this goal within my reach."
The learned doctor raised his head
From off his book, and thus he said :

XIX.

"Here, sir, we seek to learn of God
"Through all His works as seen abroad.
"We analyse His ancient laws,
"For each effect we seek the cause.
"The secret of the stars we've found,
"Why planets still their course go round ;
"We can divide the sun's fair light,
"Calculate lunar mountain's height ;
"We can earth's secret laws reveal,
"Nor can the ocean wave conceal
"Its depths from our far-reaching view :
"But thy request is something new,
"Which earthly knowledge cannot teach,
"Or place that goal within thy reach.

“Thou may’st find here of knowledge store
“Still learning ever more and more ;
“By patient toil may’st win renown,
“And thus thy fame will fill this town.”
The pilgrim answered, “Sir, I feel
“God’s works His wisdom well reveal,
“But earthly languages shall cease,
“No earthly knowledge can give peace,
“If worldly wisdom fill the mind,
“No rest can its possessor find :
“Therefore, again, I’ll seek the road
“Up to the Gate that leads to God.”

XX.

He walked again until a crowd
Quite filled the road, and laughter loud,
Songs and rude jests now reached his ear
As he approached and came more near ;
Till, intermingled with the throng,
Unwilling he was swept along
Into the porch of “Bacchus Hall,”
When one near to him thus did call :
“Why boast to-morrow, live to-day,
“With music drive dull care away,
“We’re all good fellows here, and think
“That ruddy wine was made to drink !
“If One turned water into wine,
“And Himself drank the fruit of vine,

“ Sure there’s no harm within the cup,
“ So whilst it’s here, let’s drink it up,
“ Leave dull religion to the priest,
“ We’ll sing, and jest, and quaff, and feast ! ”

XXI.

The pilgrim answered, “ Sir, a beast
“ Thinks its great end to drink and feast,
“ But the poor brute hath not a soul,
“ Therefore its appetite’s its goal ;
“ But should a man of soul possessed,
“ Made like his God, and by Him blessed,
“ Neglect the gift, to quaff and feast,
“ He’s on a level with the beast.
“ My Saviour thirst and hunger knew,
“ His meat His Father’s will to do,
“ And when upon His cross, they fain
“ Would give Him wine to dull his pain,
“ When He did taste, He did not drink,
“ Shall I not follow Him, and shrink
“ From that which many a soul has drowned,
“ That might have been with glory crowned.”

XXII.

And now with spirit worn and vexed,
Feeling most hopelessly perplexed,
Yet still he sought to thread his way,
And walked all night till break of day ;

Just as the sun began to rise,
He gave a look of glad surprise,
For (as I've heard him after tell),
He suddenly remembered well,
He had a compass and a chart,
Kept carefully next to his heart,
In which all *BABYLON* was traced,
And every row and street embraced,
Corrected up to latest date,
And showing, too, the "Zion Gate,"
To which the compass pointed straight !

XXIII.

He said, " My folly has been great
" To seek for any worldly guide,
" When I have here close to my side
" One that will never lead astray
" My footsteps from the narrow way.
" How many a weary step I've walked,
" How many a foolish word I've talked,
" Yet now I've found throughout this town
" No trusty guide in *BABYLON*,
" I'll value chart and compass more,
" And use them oftener than before :
" Now I know how to prize their worth
" Greater than anything on earth,
" I'll thank their Giver with my breath,
" And take them for my guide till death."

XXIV.

Now see him pondering well the chart,
Until he found out in what part
Of the vast city he did stand ;
Now see him trace with steady hand
Which was the nearest way to take
To lead him up to " Zion Gate : "
When this he'd settled without doubt,
With quickened step he then set out,
Walking with all the greater haste,
No more his precious time to waste,
And finding yet his journey long,
E'en as he walked he sang this song.

XXV.

- 1 God is our refuge and defence
In times of tribulation,
Our rock and our deliverance,
Our strength and our salvation.

- 2 When earth's foundations flee away,
And seas the mountains cover,
When wild waves roar with loud dismay,
His wings shall o'er us hover.

- 3 For through the city of our God
There flows Life's healing river,
And when our feet its courts have trod
We shall be safe for ever.

- 4 For why :—our God doth in her dwell,
 She cannot be forsaken,
 Nor heathen rage nor power of hell
 Can her defences shaken.
-

- 5 Then let us here God's works behold,
 Nor fear earth's desolation,
 For whilst we're safe within His fold
 Strong is our consolation.

XXVI.

Thus lightening his tired feet,
 He found him in a narrow street
 Where sons of toil most congregate,
 Leave home at dawn, returning late,
 Enjoying then a sleep more sound
 Than oft a crownéd king has found,
 Now at an open cottage door
 Were children five, one minding four ;
 One in her arms she sang to rest,
 And while she sang, the pilgrim pressed
 Nearer to hear each warbled word,
 This is the simple song he heard :

XXVII.

- 1 I love Thee Lord Jesus, and know I am Thine,
 Now whisper unto me that Thou too, art mine,
 I long for the time when Thy face I shall see,
 Till then, dear Lord Jesus, abide here with me.

- 2 'Thou dwellest in glory, Lord Jesus, I know,
And yet in Thy Heaven, thou lovest me so,
Thou carest when I am in pain or in grief,
And sendest bright angels to bring me relief.
-

- 3 Thou camest to save me, Lord Jesus, so low,
Didst lie in a manger my nature to know,
Though angels in chorus resounded Thy birth,
Singing, Glory to God who sends peace upon earth.
-

- 4 'Twas my sin, Lord Jesus, nailed Thee to Thy cross,
And now for Thy sake I count all things but loss,
I want to be like Thee, pure, holy, and true,
But Thy grace alone, Lord, my soul can renew.
-

- 5 Thou art building a mansion, Lord Jesus, in Heaven,
To me, so unworthy, it's meant to be given,
So beautiful, nothing on earth can compare,
But I'll love it the most, Lord, because Thou art there.
-

- 6 There's a beautiful river, Lord Jesus, flows there,
And trees growing by it ripe fruit always bear,
New healing and life its clear waters impart,
For Thou art its source, Lord, its flows from Thy heart.

- 7 So help me, Lord Jesus, to conquer all sin,
And make me all holy without and within,
Then take me to live in that mansion above,
Where I shall for ever rest safe in Thy love.

XXVIII.

'This simple carol pleased him more,
Because by it he plainly saw,
'That God in every heart is found
Within this world's capacious bound,
Who humbly seek His aid by prayer,
And cast on Him their worldly care :
'That none can from His presence flee
In earth, or hell, or boundless sea ;
'That He to whom all hearts are known,
Knows every street in *BABYLON* ;
'Therefore each step that he had trod,
Was wisely ordered by his God.

XXIX.

With joyous heart he sought again
His chart, fresh knowledge to obtain
How near he was to "*Zion Gate*,"
And found it was before him straight :
With bounding step he leapt and ran,
He reached the wall, and then began

To wonder where the gate could be,
For no such structure could he see.
Again looked at the chart to see
That here the gate should surely be;
Then looked about to left and right,
But none appeared before his sight.

XXX.

Now Christian, when thou'rt hedged about,
So that thou can'st see no way out,
What would'st thou do when path there's none,
Return to thine old BABYLON?
Nay! nay! for thou hast found it vain,
Its wares can ne'er please thee again.
Then wilt thou sink in dark despair
After thy many triumphs? Ne'er!
Thou'lt ask of Him who answers prayer,
And cast on Him thy every care.

XXXI.

Such was the pilgrim's wise resolve
The present mystery to solve,
And whilst he prayed the answer came.
He heard a voice behind exclaim,
"More to the South there is a pass
"By which thou may'st surmount this mass
"Of wall, which Beelzebub hath reared,
"The path, though strait, need not be feared."

XXXII.

Now as he passed the crevice through,
I watched him still, in hopes to view
How he befel at "Zion Gate."
I saw some angels there did wait,
Receive him, and they all did sing
Loud hallelujahs to his King,
Who in his dark temptation's hour,
Had given victory by His power.

F I N I S.



JERUSALEM.

I.

Jerusalem, thrice hallowed name,
Still sacred is thy ancient fame,
Thou habitation of my God,
Whose courts the old world prophets trod ;
In thee King David wrote and sang
Those psalms that through God's temple rang,
Which still sweet calm and peace impart
To many a sorely troubled heart.
In thee the prophets' spirit sight
Pierced future history's hidden night.
To thee the tribes of Israel sought
Three times each year their blest resort,
And when led to captivity
Their hopes and prayers still turned to thee.

II.

In thee my Saviour's voice once taught,
In thee His mighty works were wrought,
Thy ground His sacred feet once trod,
To thee upon an ass he rode,
Whose back still bears a cross to show
That by the Lord 'twas honoured so ;
And oh ! wonder of all beside,
Near by thee He was crucified !
Thou saw'st the sun withhold his light,
Turning thy day to blackest night,

Whilst thy rocks rent at His last cry,
When He did bow His head and die ;
Thou saw'st His body in the grave,
Not knowing him who came to save,
Thou sawest angels vigil keep
Around the grave where He did sleep,
Thou didst behold Him who was slain
Burst His weak tomb, and rise again.

III.

And yet thou knewest not thy King
Would shelter thee beneath His wing ;
So now thy house is desolate,
Thy crimes have merited thy fate.
For look ! thine enemies appear,
The Roman host, with sword and spear,
Encamp thee in on every side,
Over thy strong defences ride,
Thy walls thrown down, and all thy trust,
They lay thee even with the dust :
Now of the Gentiles trodden down,
Gone is thy glory and renown,
Thy children scattered east and west
Without a home or place of rest.

IV.

And yet thy prophets have foretold
For thee once more an age of gold,

That thy disjointed bones, now dry,
Shall, at the voice of prophecy,
Again together reunite,
And clothed with more than ancient might,
Seek their forsaken land again,
And over them Messias reign.
Then shall all nations bow the knee
When His great majesty they see,
Then shall His temple yet once more
Be filled with glory, as of yore,
And His just reign shall never cease,
But through the ages still increase.

v.

And those who view with watchful eye,
See in God's people's history,
That 'mongst all nations though their lot,
Yet where they dwell they mingle not :
A constant miracle they stand,
Witnessing God's almighty hand,
To work once more His gracious will,
And His last prophecy fulfil.

vi.

I visited that sacred shore
Wishing its ruins to explore,
To tread the soil my Saviour trod,
That ground where stood the house of God,

In which His glory was displayed,
And victims on His altar laid.
I saw where still the patriarchs lay,
Their tombs unbroken to this day ;
I saw that fragment of the wall
Where wailing Jews now prostrate fall ;
I saw Siloam's water pure,
Where once my Saviour wrought His cure ;
I saw that holy mountain where
He clad in glory did appear.
I visited Gethsemane
Where He did pray in agony ;
I saw that mournful path where He
Did bear His cross to die for me.
I lingered long within that cave,
Which it is said was once His grave.
To Bethany my feet were led
Where He did raise to life the dead ;
From whence at last He took His flight,
Hid by a cloud from mortal sight.

VII.

What strong emotions filled my breast,
And as I laid me down to rest,
In gratitude I sought to raise
My heart to prayer, my voice to praise.
I laid me down, but could not sleep,
My strong emotions were too deep ;

I thought of all that I had seen,
Which fancy clothed with what had been.
Methought I mingled with the crowd
And joined in that Hosannah loud,
When He rode on in majesty
So soon upon the Cross to die.
Methought I saw that last dread scene
When the veiled sun his light did screen ;
Methought again I saw One stand,
And raise aloft each nail-pierced hand ;
Promise His presence to the end,
And, blessing still, to Heaven ascend.
Two angels then in bright array
I thought I saw, and heard them say :—
“ Ye men of Israel, why gaze
“ Upward to Heaven in amaze ?
“ Jesus, Who has for man been slain,
“ Now throned on high shall come again :
“ Come clad in power and majesty
“ To reign o’er men, no more to die.”

VIII.

A mist came o’er my mental sight ;
After a while a nearer light
Seemed close beside me where I lay,
The angels twain in bright array
Were by my side, one seemed to speak :—
“ Thou who hast come so far to seek

“ These relics of what once hath been,
“ Thou now may'st view another scene ;
“ Jerusalem that city fair,
“ Where those who love their Saviour are.
“ No mortal eye may see that sight,
“ Spirit alone could bear the light ;
“ Yet faith may view without dismay,
“ Come with us, we will lead the way.”

IX.

Each angel seemed to take a hand,
And raised me up, and bid me stand,
Then led me through the door and down
Into the street, and through the town ;
So lightened was my tread that straight
We passed through the Damascus gate
Into the northern road, and fast
Through Ramah unto Bethel last.

X.

Here on the plain we stopped before
The altar Jacob raised, and saw
That wondrous ladder built of light,
Which once appeared unto his sight !
And angels still descended it,
Or, with light wing, ascended it,
Up to a pearly gate so high,

'Twas far beyond the starry sky.
Upward we glided with great ease,
Leaving beneath us earth and seas,
With lightsome tread right through the sky,
Moon, sun, and stars, we quick passed by,
And then we reached the pearly gate,
At our approach it opened straight ;
We passed in, and my feet did stand
In Paradise the promised land.

XI.

The city stood upon a hill
Wondrous in height, more wondrous still
The city's walls of massive light,
Standing majestic in their might ;
Its glory shone with beams so bright,
They pierced afar into the night ;
Twelve pearly gates, each side were three,
An angel guarded each to see
That nothing sinful or unclean,
Liar or dog should enter in,
But those who've conquered in the strife,
Whose names are in the Book of Life.
The wall had twelve foundations deep,
Firm built upon the mountain steep,
And on them each graven a name,
The twelve apostles of the Lamb.
Upon the gates were writ besides

The names of Israel's twelve tribes,
An angel with a golden reed
Measured the city, which agreed
In height, and length, and breadth all one,
Fully twelve thousand furlongs long.

XII.

The wall was jasper, precious stone
In each foundation richly shone,
Each gate one pearl, the streets pure gold,
Of beauty more than can be told.
They need no temple, for the Lord
Himself is there of all adored ;
They need no sun with glory bright,
For His own glory is their light ;
The gates are never shut, for they
Have no night where 'tis always day.

XIII.

A river coming from the throne
Of God Himself, flows sparkling down
Each golden street, its water clear
Is life's own fountain everywhere !
Whilst in the midst each shining street,
The tree of Life's fair branches meet,
First planted in sweet Eden's ground,
Then lost to man, now once more found ;
Twelve kinds of fruits its branches yield,
And by its leaves are nations healed.

XIV.

O Paradise, if such thy worth,
Why should we value things of earth,
Where each fair apple hath at core
A worm, its beauty to devour ;
And every treasure thought most real,
Rust will corrupt, or thief will steal,
Where wealth takes wing and flies away,
When naught above can e'er decay ;
For there is no more curse, but aye
Unmingled joy, and cloudless day !

XV.

And now my guides conducted me
All through the town, that I might see
Some little of its wondrous worth,
Surpassing anything on earth ;
And as we glide along we meet
With happy souls in every street,
Lined with fair mansions either side,
Where the blest citizens abide.
Each door is open, and where'er
We enter, we are welcomed there.
We see that everyone is known
To all they meet throughout the town ;
And though all ranks are met with here,
We noticed neither pride nor fear,

The greatest prince will kindly greet
The smallest child that he may meet ;
For children here together play
In happy bliss the livelong day.
And there's employment for each one,
Idlers and loiterers there are none,
On each one's head a fair gold crown,
Some set with many a precious stone ;
Each gem upon the wearer's head
Means that one soul to life was led.

XVI.

We enter now one happy bower
Bedecked with many a lovely flower,
A mother and two children fair
Lovingly dwell together there ;
On earth she once walked far astray
From Heaven's strait and narrow way,
Refused to listen to the Word,
Heeding it not though oft she heard,
Until affliction taught the way,
Her babes were taken in one day ;
She yielded then her broken heart
To Him who could bind up its smart,
And found He'd chastened her in love,
And had her cherubs safe above.
Now she knows had they been preserved
On earth, from truth they both had swerved ;
Now they are both her own again,
For ever safe from sin and pain.

XVII.

This stately mansion that we see
Is heaven's spacious library ;
Full many a volume's stored within,
A mine where all may wisdom win.
Creation's book is here displayed,
Which shows how first the worlds were made ;
The Book of History tells the story
Of man rescued from hell to glory ;
The Book of Providence shows the plan
By which our God wrought good to man
From what seemed evil at the first,
And, best of all, from what seemed worst !
The Book of God's Remembrance here
Records each sigh, and groan, and tear,
Of those who mourned for sin below,
And sought God's ways and love to know ;
And Nature's Book in many pages,
Describes God's works in all their stages,
The busy ant, the mountain tall,
The raging sea, it treats of all.

XVIII.

And books too numerous to name,
Telling of men unknown to fame,
Yet who whole kingdoms have subdued,
Wrought righteousness in deed and word,
Stopped lions' mouths, quenched fire of hell,

And others, it were long to tell,
Who for the love they bore their God,
Were stoned, or beaten with the rod,
Mocked and imprisoned, bound and slain,
That they eternal life might gain.
Those who love science may explore
Its Author's wisdom more and more,
And those who love astronomy,
The distant star's economy.
No works of fiction here are found,
For solid facts do so abound ;
And nothing sinful or unclean
In any volume can be seen.

XIX.

Here are God's scales, will weigh with ease
Worlds, mountains, glaciers, oceans, seas,
Yet with such skill and care they're wrought,
They'll weigh a motive or a thought,
A scheme, an argument, a book,
A soul, a mind, a word, a look ;
Here is God's measure shows how far
The distance of the far-off star,
Metes feathers on an insect's wing,
A life, a work, or anything ;
Here is God's telescope, that brings
To present view most distant things,

Whatever one may wish to see,
Adjust the lens, 'twill present be,
And such its penetrative light,
It looks through solids or dark night,
It looks through time to ages gone ;
You may behold fair light's first dawn,
Or Eden's bower, or guilty Cain,
When righteous Abel he had slain,
Or Noah's flood, or Abraham's call,
Or Solomon, most wise of all ;
You may behold Belshazzar's feast,
Or Wise Men journey from the East,
Who in their loads their treasures bring,
First gifts to Christ, the infant King.

XX.

In this bright garden, decked with flowers,
Are happy children taught in bowers,
Their lives on earth were far too short
God's power or goodness to be taught,
But saved, because their Saviour died,
Safe in His arms they now abide ;
Sinless, they now behold God's face,
Fearless, they joy in His embrace,
Happy, they learn in infants' lays,
To tune their voices to His praise,
Their minds unfolding to His worth,
Which they had never heard on earth,

Unmarred by sin their infant joy,
Their happiness knows no alloy ;
Sure, Heaven would scarcely be complete
Without their happy little feet ;
Their teachers in them take delight,
Their rod is love, their tasks are light,
They read and write, and cypher too,
And learn God's holy will to do.
School over, then they romp and play,
Or sweetly sing the hours away.

XXI.

But hark ! what music strikes the ear,
As we this stately pile draw near ?
We enter in, and find that we
Are in Heaven's Hall of Harmony,
Where angels learn to sing God's praise
In music worthy of their lays,
Whilst instruments of every kind
With their pure voices are combined ;
Here's organ, psaltery, and flute,
Loud trumpet, violin, and lute,
All blended with such skill sublime,
Perfect in touch, and tune, and time ;
But what enhances much their worth,
They join in music known on earth,
The tunes in earthly churches dear
Are echoed here in strains more clear ;

Those choruses once thought so grand,
Sound nobler in the promised land,
And as we entered, this the strain,
Our souls joined, too, in its refrain.

XXII.

- 1 Worthy the Lamb that hath been slain
 All power and riches to obtain,
 For He was slain for us.
-

- 2 Wisdom, strength, honour, glory bright,
 And blessing are His due by right,
 For He was slain for us.
-

- 3 He hath redeemed us unto God,
 And shed for us His precious blood,
 For He was slain for us.
-

- 4 He only can unroll the book,
 On which no man can even look,
 For He was slain for us.
-

- 5 For 'twas His wisdom found a plan
 To save from death rebellious man,
 For He was slain for us.

- 6 And 'twas His love endured the pain,
That we eternal life might gain,
For He was slain for us.
-

- 7 Therefore eternally we'll raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise,
For He was slain for us.

XXIII.

We visit Heaven's "School of Art,"
And learn that angels take a part,
With skill design a common flower,
And with light's rainbow colours dower
Its leaves and petals, buds and bloom,
To breathe its joy in rich perfume ;
Each point is drawn with as great care
As robe an emperor might wear ;
They here design an insect's wing,
A butterfly, a hornet's sting,
The plumage of the feathered bird,
The stripes upon the species furred,
The colours painted on a rock,
The stones beneath a bubbling brook
And nothing is esteemed too small
For perfect work, if done at all,
For all is perfect here above,
And every labour's one of love.

XXIV.

Next, Heaven's Laboratory near
We enter, and we find that here
Diamonds are formed with hidden light,
Sparkling when all around is night ;
Emeralds, and every precious stone,
And pearls (Heaven's gates are each but one),
And crowns are made with skilful hand
For those arriving in the land,
And harps of gold are stringed with care,
Which the elect of God shall bear ;
Here too they care for each round globe
Shining within creation's orb,
Fresh fuel is put on the sun,
Conveyed by comets as they run,
And the earth's sea with salt supplied,
To keep in health the finny tribe,
Earth's central fire is kept in check,
Lest the fair planet it should wreck,
And magnets stored within each pole,
To point the compass to its goal,
So that the mariner with ease
May navigate most distant seas.

XXV.

Here we found out, with much surprise,
Real solids are in Paradise !

That earth and all therein is built
Of shadows, gases, tinsel, gilt,
Though to frail beings formed of clay
All seems quite solid, Spirit may
Pass through steel-plates like empty air,
Mould solid rock, huge mountains bear
From their foundations with great ease,
And plant anew in distant seas,
Or with a single touch transform
Coal into diamond, calm to storm,
Bleak winter into verdant spring,
When little warbling birds do sing,
Or fragrant flower to luscious fruit,
Sap fed through many a tiny root,
One thing alone no angel can
Transform anew :—the soul of man ;
Only God's Spirit can impart
To fallen man that change of heart,
Which by God's grace once freely given
Will raise him up from earth to Heaven.

XXVI.

We enter now one mansion fair
Which ne'er grows old or needs repair,
Its owner greets us with a smile,
And asks us in to rest awhile ;
Each room is open to the sky,
Lit by the Throne of God Most High,

The morning-room next to the street,
The drawing-room loved friends to greet,
The music-room for praise is stored,
The inner room for none but God ;
And other rooms for quiet rest,
And rooms for contemplation blest,
The larder with fresh food is stored
Daily by order of the Lord,
The garden fair is decked with flowers,
And bubbling brooks and shady bowers,
All is arranged with greatest skill,
And in it any prince might dwell ;
Each house has its own telephone,
That's so contrived all through the town
(And reaches to the sapphire Throne),
That each one, whether small or great,
With other may communicate.

XXVII.

The spirit sight is here so keen,
That every face as soon as seen,
Reveals the history, name, and worth,
That once were moulded on the earth ;
Clothed with new beauty every one,
Traces of sin and sorrow none,
And all the lineaments expressed
The virtues, wisdom, grace possessed,

The conquests won o'er sin and pain,
The peace of God, which those obtain
By oft communion with the Lord
And meditation of His word.

XXVIII.

Some who on earth were thought the best
Are here discovered to be least ;
High in earth's rank, and power, and place,
Saved as by fire, without great grace ;
And some once low in earth's degree,
Here in the highest place we see ;
Of their one talent they took care,
They now rule in ten cities bear ;
Here a poor black is now most white,
A slave most free and clothed with might,
A blind man has the clearest sight,
A prisoner the purest light,
And deaf and dumb both hear and sing,
And lame now fly with swiftest wing,
Zacchæus here needs climb no tree
In which his Saviour's form to see.

XXIX.

One crowned with thousand-jewelled crown,
God's love to dying men made known,
An earthly king wore crown with none,
Each reaped the fruit his life had sown ;

Yet each was happy in his place,
The lowest thought it no disgrace,
The highest boasted not his merit,
But knew the grace he did inherit
Was given him by God alone,
To Whom all glory should be done ;
And each one's cup was full of bliss,
Though some enjoyed more happiness
Because their measure was more deep,
And could a greater volume keep.
*He who loved most enjoyed the more,
Nearest like Him Whom all adore,
Whose highest happiness is this,
That others, too, should share His bliss.*

XXX.

Some that we thought were here, we miss,
They are not in this home of bliss,
And some we unexpected see,
Whom we ne'er thought in Heaven would be.

XXXI.

I saw one well-remembered face,
Its saintly outlines I could trace,
Fond memory shall ne'er efface
Those lines of holy love and grace.
I'd seen her on a bed of pain,
And never knew her to complain,

Through many a weary night and day
Before her spirit fled away,
She breathed a holy peace and calm
Like to a sovereign healing balm,
And when she closed her eyes at last,
And her last agony was past,
Her face lit with an angel ray,
With one soft sigh she fled away.

XXXII.

Methought once more her voice I heard,
In still, sweet music every word :—
“ By death our victory is won,
“ Now ’tis Heaven’s gate, its sting is gone.
“ For One, Whose company is sweet,
“ Doth through its valley guide our feet,
“ Scatters its clouds of doubt away,
“ As night at the approach of day,
“ Transforms its thorns to fragrant flowers,
“ Watches with us through midnight’s hours,
“ Grants us His peace within our breast,
“ The earnest of eternal rest ;
“ So with His joy our spirits fills,
“ So feels with us our fleeting ills,
“ That death is sweet, because He died,
“ And pain, for He was crucified,
“ Till earthly pleasure seems but dross,
“ And worldly gain and joy but loss.

“ Then as the veil of flesh grows thin,
“ And Heavenly light comes streaming in,
“ A glorious vision seems to rise,
“ As earth gives place to Paradise,
“ And as the spirit leaves its clay,
“ We see Him Who has been our stay,
“ And safe within His arms of love,
“ He bears us to our home above.”

XXXIII.

We now approach Heaven's Post Office,
But no description will suffice
To paint its stately portico,
With tier on tier and row on row,
Of columns built of marble white
Extending to a dizzy height.
The Intelligence Department here
We enter on the right, and near
The spacious hall of entry, where
Thousands of angels winged appear,
Ready prepared for instant flight,
Whilst thousands more as swift alight,
Armed with despatches to report,
And messages of every sort ;
They come from every distant star
To tell their tidings from afar,
For every star's presided o'er
By an appointed governor,

Who weekly sends to Heaven's King
A full report of everything
That in his kingdom's large concern
Occurs of note, and these in turn
Are in the Archives Office filed,
For future reference compiled.

XXXIV.

The earth is God's peculiar care,
Moreover, each "Salvation's heir,"
At the first moment of his birth,
Has special angels sent to earth,
To shield his soul from every ill,
According to God's Holy will ;
He gives them charge they are to keep
His footsteps on the mountain steep,
Lest he should dash against a stone,
And in the downfall break a bone.
Whene'er a prayer to God ascends,
A wingéd messenger descends,
To answer the soul-breathed request,
And take the blessing that is best ;
Although sometimes the answer's not
That which the suppliant *would* have got,
But God knows best what is most fit,
And for the best He answers it ;
And such for saints His jealous care,
That angels count each separate hair

Upon his head, and catch each tear,
And mark each sigh, and soothe each fear.
Even the humbler creatures are
Surrounded by their Father's care,
For angels mark each sparrow's fall,
Which is recorded in this hall.

XXXV.

We were the " Archives Office " shown,
Where's in large volumes noted down,
Each act and thought, both good and bad,
Which thus are in remembrance had.
But when a soul for mercy cries,
And Christ becomes his sacrifice,
His page is turned to, and thereout,
All his past sins are blotted out.
Each town and country in the world,
Has here a measure kept to hold
All the transgressions they commit,
Which daily are put into it ;
When to the brim is filled the cup,
The sinners have to drink it up.
Here is God's bottle, where they keep
The tears of those for sin who weep.
Here good men's deeds are treasured up,
Naught is forgotten, e'en a cup
Of water cold to saint that's given,
Will meet with its reward in Heaven.

XXXVI.

What language do the ransomed speak?
I know 'tis neither Dutch nor Greek,
English nor Latin, Portuguese,
Nor French, nor Russ, nor yet Chinese,
Nor that of any earthly land,
And yet each child can understand!
Perhaps 'tis the language Adam spake
Before he God's commandment brake,
Perhaps 'tis the universal tongue
That through the tower of Babel rung,
Before the Lord confused the speech,
And gave fresh languages to each.

XXXVII.

What company did I meet with there?
Why such as is beyond compare,
The choicest souls e'er met, though earth
Could not appreciate their worth;
Apostles, prophets, martyrs too,
And godly women not a few;
Saints, men of culture, wisdom, wit,
Divines well versed in holy writ,
And all have washed their garments white,
And in their Saviour's praise unite.

XXXVIII.

We now drew near the Central Square,
Of vast extent and beauty rare,
All Heaven's inhabitants can pass
On to the central "sea of glass";
And in the midst is fixed the Throne,
And God for ever sits thereon,
Shining like jasper pure and white,
Or sardius full of inward light;
A rainbow like an emerald stone
In ærial circle round Him shone,
Lightnings and thunderings thence proceed,
And trumpet voices thence are heard;
Seven lamps of fire before the Throne
God's spirits are, in purpose one;
And seated round in glory bright
Are four-and-twenty clothed in white,
Each elder wears a crown of gold
His locks of silver white to enfold;
Four living beings, full of eyes,
That search from east to west the skies,
Each rests not, but unceasing cries:
"Thrice holy is the Lord most high
"Who liveth through eternity."
The four-and-twenty then fall down,
Before the Throne they cast each crown;
Then lowly worship and adore,
And speak His praises evermore.

XXXIX.

A trumpet sounded loud and clear,
Heard through the city far and near,
A summons everyone can hear,
They in their millions soon appear,
Ten thousand times ten thousand bright,
All of them dressed in garments white,
With harps and voices now unite
To hymn God's praise, a glorious sight ;
I saw them move with impulse one,
And cast their crowns before the Throne,
Then bend their knees and prostrate fall,
And hail Him King and Lord of all.

XL.

The glorious image seemed to pall
My senses—I, too, prostrate fall
In adoration to the ground,
Then lose all sight, and sense, and sound ;
How long thus lost I cannot say,
But when I woke the sun's first ray
Was shining through my window pane,
I found me on this earth again.

FINIS.

GLAD TIDINGS.

When God sent His Son to be born on the earth,
A babe in a manger laid low,
He sent His bright angels to herald the birth,
That men the glad tidings might know.

The angels came down, but to whom should they sing?
For the inn for God's Son had no room;
Should they go to the palace of Herod the king?
And would he rejoice Christ had come?

Ah no! for King Herod was cruel and bad,
Much blood of mankind he had spilt,
They could not announce peaceful tidings so glad
To a man with a soul black with guilt.

Should they seek the High Priest in God's temple enthroned
And tell him his office was done,
For that all man's transgression would soon be atoned
By the one sacrifice of God's Son?

No; he would be troubled, so all through the town
They sought some the news would make glad,
But all were too busy with cares of their own,
Or else were too sinful and bad.

So they spread out their wings and flew out of the throng,
And into the country around,
Then far off heard soft voices singing this song,
And listened awhile to the sound :

“The Lord is my Shepherd no good thing I need,
“In rich pastures green I lie down,
“Beside the still waters my soul He doth lead,
“Where safely He keepeth His own.”

“He restoreth my soul and in righteousness’ path,
“For His name’s sake He guideth my feet ;
“Yea, though I walk through the dark valley of death,
“No danger or ill shall I meet.”

“For Thou, with Thy rod and Thy staff, ever near,
“Shalt comfort me still as I’m led ;
“Thy table is spread, and no foe need I fear,
“For with oil Thou anointest mine head.”

“With goodness and mercy my cup Thou dost fill,
“Every day till the measure o’erflows,
“After death in God’s heavenly home shall I dwell,
“And ever in Him safe repose.”

Then the angels drew near, and close by they alight,
And found there some shepherds did keep
Watch over their flocks all through the dark night,
To protect from all danger their sheep.

The shepherds first saw one bright angel alone,
And seeing were sorely afraid,
But he smiled, and said, "Fear not, to you I've come down
"With glad tidings, so be not dismayed."

"For in David's city, to-day, there is born
"Unto you who can trust in your God,
"A Saviour shall be to all people, God's Son,
"Who is Christ your Redeemer and Lord."

"And unto you, seeking Him, this is a sign,
"Ye shall find Him a babe lying low
"In a manger, in swaddling clothes wrapped at an inn
"Thus Messias, God's Son, ye may know."

Then all on a sudden, the Heavenly throng
Appeared to the shepherds and sang,
"All glory to God in the Highest," their song,
"And peace and goodwill unto man."

The angels again into Heaven took flight,
The shepherds said one to another,
"Come now into Bethlehem this joyous night,
"And see the young child and His mother."

They went and they saw, they believed and adored,
And they told the glad tidings around,
Then returned singing glory and praise to the Lord,
Who for man's sin a Saviour had found.

Would you like to see a bright angel of light,
And in his sweet song take a part ?
Then watch by God's fold, although dark be the night,
And give to the Saviour your heart.

Be always awake, that if one should appear,
Your soul from all sin may be free,
And be ready to start when the summons you hear,
And you the Messiah shall see.



To an Absent Wife.

My work being over, and I all alone,
With no wifey to cheer me in my little room,
My thoughts still are with her, though she's far away,
So I'll sit at my table, and write her a lay.

Oh, had I a mirror would show me her face,
'Twould enlighten my heart, and bring joy to the place !
Oh, had I a trumpet would waft me her voice,
Its musical accents my heart would rejoice.

But stay, my soul, murmur not, God has a reason,
He knows it is best we should part for a season,
Let's look to the lesson He has to impart,
His voice we shall hear if we open the heart.

His kindness has guided us all our lives through,
A Father He's shown Himself, faithful and true,
His chastenings have always been sent us in love,
Our thoughts to direct to his glories above.

His Providence, too, has united in one,
Our hearts in a bond that can ne'er be undone,
Each other we own as a gift He has given,
A mutual help in our journey to Heaven.

But have we not sought for our joys here below,
Forgetting our Maker, from whom they all flow?
What talents we've wasted, what time misemployed!
E'en our worship has oft with the world been alloyed.

O Father! our weakness and folly we mourn,
Help us by Thy strength for the sake of Thy Son,
And as we grow older, e'er grant us more grace,
More of Thine own good Spirit all sin to efface.

Then, when once again He permits us to meet,
How thankfully shall we fall down at His feet!
For surely His love, that has guided the past,
Shall help, and watch o'er us, and keep to the last.

Then, all partings ended, we'll meet round His throne,
Together will praise in the cherubim's song,
We'll see all the way He has led us below,
And no sin, or sorrow, or pain ever know.

In Memoriam

OF E. W.

An angel dwelt in a frail house of clay,
Unspotted by the sinful world around her ;
A chilling blast rent the weak house asunder,
She spread her seraph wings and flew away
To a bright mansion built for her in Heaven
By Him who for her His own life had given.

JESUS MY ALL.

Lord Jesus, one sweet thought of Thee
Is dearer than all thought beside,
But ah ! if Thou wilt think of me
Nothing but good shall me betide.

Lord Jesus, I would speak to Thee,
And tell Thee all my want and fear,
I long to hear Thee speak to me,
For then I know that Thou art near.

Lord Jesus, I would look to Thee
For all I need and wish below,
Thy loving eyes oft look on me,
And guide me Heaven's strait path to know.

Lord Jesus, I would work for Thee
To bring in wanderers to Thy fold,
For thou didst seek afar for me,
And half Thy love can ne'er be told.

Lord Jesus, I would fight for Thee,
Thy truth shall all my weapon be,
For Thou didst conquer death for me,
And I shall share Thy victory.

Lord Jesus, I would die for Thee
And crucify my flesh and sin,
For Thou didst die on earth for me
That I fair Paradise might win.

Lord Jesus, I would live with Thee
Till I am like Thee here below,
And then in Heaven eternally
More of Thy wondrous love I'll know.



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

cm L9-Series 4939



AA 000 383 632 7

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
THIS BOOK CARD



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 2
BM J55953



University Research Library

CALL NUMBER

PC4M25
.1491

SER VOL PT

